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THE CENTURY
SHAKESPEARE

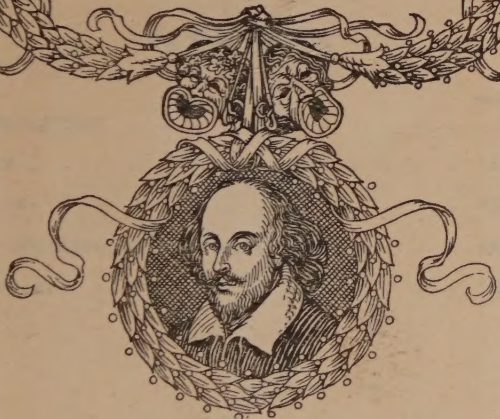
MACBETH

R. WESTALL, R.A. PINXT.

Lady Macbeth.

SHAKESPEARE

MACBETH



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INTRODUCTION

BY

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ASSISTED BY JOHN MUNRO

MACBETH.—Shakspere's last play of *Othello* took us to Venice and Cyprus, and now we turn to Scotland. Nature changes from her belt of gold and blue to purple heather and grey rock, but man remains the same, mean, tempted, falling, sinning, murdering, with the vengeance of death falling on him and the wife who here has shared his crime. *Macbeth* is the play of conscience, though the workings of that conscience are seen far more in Lady Macbeth than in her husband.

The play shows, too, the separation from man as well as God, the miserable trustless isolation, that sin brings in its train. As compared with *Othello* the darkness and terror close in on us so much more rapidly. We have no picture of the sweet Desdemona listening to her Moor, going through her household tasks, and coming back again to hear the wondrous story of his life; no bright bridal life, however short. Before the play opens there must

have been consultations between the guilty pair on Duncan's murder;[1] and when the play opens, the pall of fiendish witchcraft is over us from the first. The fall of the tempted is terribly sudden. The climax of the play is in the second Act, not the fifth, and no repentance is mixt with the vengeance of its close.[2] The only relief is in the early gallantry of Macbeth, the gratitude of Duncan, the pleasant picture of Macbeth's castle, so well put into Duncan's and Banquo's mouths, and the pretty talk of Macduff's little boy to his mother—a brightness to be swiftly eclipst by blackest crime. The links with *Othello* are, that the hero is, like Othello, a great commander, who has won many victories for his State, that his temptation is both from within and without himself, that the working of passion in both is alike quick, that the victims and murderers alike die, that Othello is accused of witchcraft, as Macbeth practises it. And as the disappointed ambition of Iago in not getting the place given to Cassio is at the root of all the evil in *Othello*, so the immediate motive for Macbeth's action here is the Prince of Cumberland's

[1] From I. vii. we clearly see that Lady Macbeth cannot refer to anything in the play:—

> "*Lady M.* What beast was't then,
> That made you break this enterprise to me? . .
> . . . . . *Nor time, nor place,*
> *Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:*
> They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
> Does unmake you."

In the face of this "made *you* break this enterprise to *me*," I cannot, of course, agree with Mr. Grant White and other critics that the origination of the crime was Lady Macbeth's.

[2] "I have always regarded the appearance of Banquo's ghost in III. iv. as the climax of the play. Up till then, all goes well with Macbeth; from thence, all conspires to his ruin."—*C. Hargrove.*

nomination to the throne, which Macbeth believd would be his. As, too, Emilia's knocking at the door relieves the strain after Desdemona's murder, so does that for the porter here after Duncan's;[1] it distracts our attention, concentrated on the awful crime, and turns it toward the great mysterious darkness without, the world outside and the time to come. The murder of the king and the ghost of Banquo connect the play with *Hamlet*, while the portents before Duncan's death are like those before the death of Hamlet's father and Julius Gæsar. With *Richard III.* we note the links of the murderer clearing his way to the throne, and his enemies out of his way when he has it, as well as the working of conscience in Richard's sleep as in Lady Macbeth's, though she feels it always, he only when his will is dead.

Macbeth had the wrong nature for a murderer: he was too imaginative; he could jump the life to come; but it was the judgment here he dreaded, the terrors that his own Keltic imagination created to torment him. What Richard the Third passed over with chuckling indifference, nay, with delight, deprived

[1] The Porter scene is certainly genuine, and the assignment of its grim humour to a fifth-rate comic writer like Middleton is a great mistake. The folk who so assign it, don't know Middleton: they just catch up his name from the witch songs, and stick it on to the Porter, whom he never had anything like power enough to create. It may be that, as Messrs. Clark and Wright (Preface to Clarendon Press, *Macbeth*) and Mr. Grant White (*Galaxy*, Jan., 1877) urge, Hecate's four-measure speech in III. v., and hers or the First Witch's at the end of IV. i. p. 95, before the songs, are spurious; but the king's-evil passage in IV. iii. p. 108 is assuredly Shakspere's; and so is V. ii., v. 47–50, p. 126, as Mr. Grant White says. See my discussion of the Porter scene in *New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, 1874, Part II.

Macbeth of sleep and haunted every moment of his life:—

"But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead
Whom we, to gain our place[1], have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!"

The more blood, that he thought would make him safe and hardend, did but increase his terrors; then came his fit again. But he was resolvd to know the worst; and after his second visit to the witches, it seems to me that the courage of desperation takes the place of the feebleness of the guilty soul; and except in his two drops-down after the servant and the messenger have announced the English force (V. iii., v., end), he faces his fate with the courage and coolness that should have possesst him all along. He is tied to a stake, and fight he will; but though he quails again before Macduff's tongue, he is yet taunted by it into fighting, as before into murder by his wife.

"Macbeth," says Mr. Munro, "was essentially a worldly man, capable, energetic, ambitious, desirous of honor and position. So much a worldly man, indeed,

[1] *Peace*, Folio 1; *place*, Folios 2, 3, 4.

that his wife says of him, 'What thou wouldst highly, that wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false, and yet wouldst wrongly win:' not because of his deep-seated morality, but simply because of his worldliness. His nature deterrd him from villany, but his ambition demanded satisfaction; the witches prompted him to crime, 'to catch the nearest way'; and Lady Macbeth decided him. Without their help and instigation he would never have errd. Towards the last, when he for once thinks of what he might have been, he says, his old love of the world's honor still with him:—

> And that which should accompany old age,
> As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
> I must not look to have;

"The world he had striven to win was a stranger to him; his crime had isolated him; his peace and security were for ever gone. The imagination which had been such a great part in his ambition, turnd on him to torture him perpetually. He was a brave man against tangible enemies, and could fight and face death; but the terrible phantoms born of his guilt rose up before him, and made his life a terror and a desperate career of blood and murder. His imagination was never meditative, but sudden, intense and concentrated, apposite to his thoughts and deeds. His plunge into crime made him brazen; he no longer feard the witches, spoke no more of pity, and murderd Banquo and the family of Macduff without hesitation or compunction.

"Lady Macbeth calls on the spirits to unsex her, but through all, except for her fearless and monstrous instigation and help in the crime, she retains the attributes of womanhood. Notice the ready wit she shows in common with the rest of Shakspere's women, her commanding intellect, greatly superior to Macbeth's; her will, her ability to find readiest means to the desired end. She knows exactly what she wants, and sets about achieving it. Change the morality of the most womanly of women into evil, change her thoughts into dreadful conceptions, and she would be like Lady Macbeth. As though she were in league with the brood of darkness, she welcomes Macbeth with an echo of their words; and woman as she is still, she goes at once to speak of the business she will have him do. She never seeks the death of Duncan for her own sole ends; Macbeth is always in her thoughts, and when she speaks of advancement, it is he who must advance;—surely a woman's trait. She would have kild Duncan herself, had he not lookt like her father,—and there she is woman again. Macbeth is troubled, after the crime, that Amen should stick in his throat; she busies herself at once with clearing up the traces of the deed. Her ready wit never deserts her; she knows whence the weird knocking comes, but Macbeth, appalled at every noise, is unable to tell; and when the murder is told her, she faints, a convincing display of innocence! But her woman's nature could not stand the strain put on it:—

> 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
> Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy,

she says; yet when Macbeth enters, how well she hides all this from him, speaking to him brightly and encouragingly, saying:—

> How now, my lord? Why do you keep alone,
> Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
> Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
> With them they think on?—

and going on to encourage him to be 'bright and jovial' that night! How well she tries to save the situation at the feast, too! But the effect on her of the crimes committed, of which we have had intimation, works secretly, and, at last, we see her walking in the night, overwrought by the play of her imagination, and learn that she is afraid of the darkness. The whole drama is a play of Nemesis, of retribution incurred by terrible crime."

Banquo, though noble, has yet in him the canny Scot's sense of his or his son's chance of the throne, and keeps near Macbeth, to be ready for what turns up. He cannot answer the usurper's invitation with a Macduff's "Sir, not I," or, like him, fly to England to bring back Duncan's rightful heir, his son. Malcolm would spoil Banquo's son's chance of the throne. (See *New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, 1875–6, Part II.) My late friend, Mr. Peter Bayne, held that the analysis of Macbeth's ideas and motives was Shakspere's greatest achievement. I think the third Act of *Othello* is that. But when one compares such a quotation as that from Macbeth's speech above, with any of Shakspere's early work in *Love's Labour's Lost*, or

Romeo and Juliet, say, one is amazed at the poet's growth in knowledge of men's minds, of life, in reflective power, and imagination. Dramatically, too, what a splendid advance the play is on *Hamlet!* The slight foundation in history or legend for *Macbeth* is in Holinshed's version of Boece's *Scotorum Historiæ*, which is drawn from Fordun, printed in *Hazlitt*, Part I., vol. ii., p. 149, and extracts from it are given in the Clarendon Press and other cheap editions of the play. Holinshed knew nothing of the slaughter of Macbeth's father, and his wife Gruoch's grandfather, husband, and brother by Duncan's grandfather. (*Clar. Press* ed., xlii.) The text was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623. On the sleep-speech see the Introduction to 2 *Henry IV.* Note that the date of Gunpowder Plot was Nov., 1605, and the writing of *Macbeth* may safely be assignd to 1605–6.

That the play was written in haste, the hurry of its action in its first Acts, the want of finish in its first scenes, the difficulty of its expression, tend to prove. Most critics agree in this opinion. Mr. Grant White says of the play in his edition, x. 424:—"It exhibits throughout the hearty execution of a grand and clearly conceived design. But the haste is that of a master of his art, who, with conscious command of its resources, and in the frenzy of a grand inspiration, works out his conception to the minutest detail of essential form, leaving the work of surface finish for the occupation of cooler leisure (which in this case never came). . . . I regard *Macbeth* as, for the most part, a specimen of Shakspere's unelaborated, if not

unfinished, writing, in the maturity and highest vitality of his genius. It abounds in instances of extremest compression, and most daring ellipsis; while it exhibits in every scene a union of supreme dramatic and poetic power, and in almost every line an imperially irresponsible control of language."

One great cause of *Macbeth* being written was no doubt James I.'s interest in witchcraft. He had witches tried for raising the storm that met him when bringing home his bride, Anne of Denmark, in 1589. He wrote his *Demonologie* in 1597 (rep. in 1600 and 1603), and his first English Parliament passt an Act against Witchcraft on June 9, 1604. See T. A. Spalding's *Elizabethan Demonology*.

Several plants and flowers are alluded to in *Macbeth*, but it is impossible from these to determine the season of the play. (Ellacombe, *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*; 1880–6, pp. 69, 70.) The time of the play on the stage is nine days, with intervals. (Daniel, *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1877–9, p. 207.)

MACBETH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*
MALCOLM, } *His Sons.*
DONALBAIN, }
MACBETH, } *Generals of the*
BANQUO, } *King's Army.*
MACDUFF,
LENNOX,
ROSS,
MENTEITH, *Noblemen of Scotland.*
ANGUS,
CAITHNESS,
FLEANCE, *Son to Banquo.*
SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.*
Young SIWARD, *his Son.*
SEYTON, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*
Boy, son to Macduff.
An English Doctor.
A Scotch Doctor.
A Soldier.
A Porter.
An Old Man.
LADY MACBETH.
LADY MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.
HECATE, *and three Witches.*
Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.
The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.

SCENE—In the end of the Fourth Act, in ENGLAND; through the rest of the Play, in SCOTLAND.

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—An Open Place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurley-burley's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.
3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.
1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin.
2 *Witch.* Paddock calls.
3 *Witch.* Anon!
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Camp near Forres

Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, *with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.*

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity: Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.
Ser. Doubtful it stood,
As two spent swimmers that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—

Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the Western Isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied,
And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Showed like a rebel's whore: but all 's too weak,
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion
Carved out his passage till he faced the slave,
Which ne'er shook hands nor bade farewell to him
Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Ser. As whence the sun gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seemed to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour armed,
Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbished arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismayed not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Ser. Yes,
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorise another Golgotha,
I cannot tell—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.
Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both.—Go, get him surgeons.
[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*
Enter Ross
Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.
Len. What haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.
Ross. God save the king!
Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
Ross. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky

And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disburséd at Saint Colme's Inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest:—Go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—A Heath

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounched, and mounched, and mounched:—
'Give me,' quoth I:—
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.—
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the *Tiger*,
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And to every point they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his penthouse lid;

He shall live a man forbid.
Weary seven-nights, nine times nine.
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.—
Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come.
[*Drum within.*

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace!—the charm 's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO

Mac. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is 't called to Forres?—What are these,
So withered, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on 't? Live you, or are you aught

That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be King hereafter!

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.

By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be King
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you. [*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?

Macb. Into the air; and what seemed corporal melted
As breath into the wind.—Would they had stayed!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about,
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

Enter Ross *and* Angus

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest of the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks
Nothing afeard of, what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And poured them down before him.

Ang. We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;

Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, Hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrowed robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet:
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He laboured in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confessed and proved,
Have overthrown him.—

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,

Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.—
Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.—
Ban. Look how our partner's rapt.—
Macb. If chance will have me King, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.—

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.—
Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registered where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Forres. A Room in the Palace

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *and Attendants*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet returned?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confessed his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it: he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 't were a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, *and* ANGUS

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow

To overtake thee: would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine: only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so; let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest Malcolm; whom we name hereafter

The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—Hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach:
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [*aside.*] The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires:
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.—
[*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Inverness. A room in MACBETH'S Castle

Enter Lady MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M. They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition: but without

The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;'
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which Fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.—

Enter an Attendant

What is your tidings?

Att. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it.—
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have informed for preparation.

Att. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [*Exit Attendant.*] The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, 'Hold, hold!'

Enter MACBETH

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond

This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see.
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters; to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that 's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.—

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:—
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The Same. Before the Castle

Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, *and Attendants*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionary that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH

Dun. See, see, our honoured hostess.—
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service

In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house : for those of old
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where 's the thane of Cawdor ?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor : but he rides well ;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand ;
Conduct me to mine host : we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—The Same. A Room in the Castle

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter MACBETH

Macb. If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success: that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time:
We 'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against

The deep damnation of his taking off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other—

Enter Lady MACBETH

How now? what news?

Lady M. He has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he asked for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honoured me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? hath it slept since,
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard

To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace.
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was 't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady M. We fail.
But screw your courage to the sticking place,

And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenchéd natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—Inverness. Court within Macbeth's Castle

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *with a torch before him*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 't is later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There 's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.—
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers,
Restrain in me the curséd thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword.
Who 's there?

Enter MACBETH, *and a Servant with a torch*

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban. All 's well.—
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have showed some truth.
Macb. I think not of them.
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 't is,
It shall make honour for you.
Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled.
Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you.

[*Exeunt* BANQUO *and* FLEANCE.

Macb. Go, bid my mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.—

[*Exit Servant.*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There 's no such thing.
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep: witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings ; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear,
The very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives :
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.—
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done : the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same

Enter Lady MACBETH

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold ;
What hath quenched them hath given me fire.—
Hark !—Peace !—
It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,

Which gives the stern'st good-night.—He is about it.—
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugged their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awaked
And 't is not done:—the attempt and not the deed
Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.—My husband!

Enter MACBETH

Macb. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

Lady M. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried, 'Murder!'

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them;

But they did say their prayers, and addressed them

Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried, 'God bless us!' and, 'Amen,' the other,

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'

When they did say 'God bless us.'

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen?'

I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'

Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought

After these ways: so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep,'—the innocent sleep:

Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleave of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast ;—

Lady M. What do you mean ?

Macb. Still it cried, 'Sleep no more !' to all the house :
'Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more !'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried ? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
They must lie there : go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more :
I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose !
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures ; 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed
I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.—

[*Exit.—Knocking within.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking?—
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH

Lady M. My hands are of your colour: but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry;—retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then!—Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knock*] Hark, more knocking.
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers.—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not know myself. [*Knock.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking:—I would thou couldst! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—The Same

Enter a Porter

[*Knocking within.*

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key:—[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock. 'Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub?'—'Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty:' 'Come in, farmer: have napkins enough about you, here you'll sweat for 't.' [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock. 'Who's there, i' the other devil's name?'—'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven:' 'O! come in, equivocator.' [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock. 'Who's there?'—'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose:' 'Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.' [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! 'What are you?'—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.

[*Knocking.*] Anon, anon! I pray you remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENNOX

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock;
And drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me: but I requited him for his lie: and, I think, being

too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter MACBETH

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good-morrow, both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipped the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 't is one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 't is my limited service. [*Exit.*

Len. Goes the King hence to-day?

Macb. He does:—he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly. Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,

And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatched to the woful time. The obscure bird
Clamoured the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue, nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macb., Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak:

See, and then speak yourselves.

[*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENNOX.

Awake! awake!—
Ring the alarum-bell.—Murder, and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! [*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady MACBETH

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O gentle lady,
'T is not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Enter BANQUO

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murdered!

Lady M. Woe, alas!
What! in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, anywhere.

Dear Duff, I pr'ythee contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENNOX

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I have lived a blesséd time : for, from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality,
All is but toys ; renown and grace is dead ;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN

Don. What is amiss ?
Macb. You are, and do not know 't :
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped ; the very source of it is stopped.
Macd. Your royal father 's murdered.
Mal. O, by whom ?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done 't :
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood ;
So were their daggers, which, unwiped, we found
Upon their pillows :
They stared, and were distracted ; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed; temperate and furious;
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steeped in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breeched with gore. Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken
Here, where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let 's away: our tears
Are not yet brewed.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow yet
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady :—

[*Lady* MACBETH *is carried out.*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us :
In the great hand of God I stand ; and, thence,
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macd. Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but* MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Mal. What will you do ? Let 's not consort with them :
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I 'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I : our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer ; where we are,
There 's daggers in men's smiles : the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that 's shot

Hath not yet lighted ; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim : therefore, to horse :
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There 's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there 's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Without the Castle

Enter ROSS *and an Old Man*

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well ;
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage : by the clock 't is day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp :
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of the earth entomb
When living light should kiss it ?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last,

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain—

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they ate each other.

Ross. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That looked upon 't.—Here comes the good Macduff.

Enter MACDUFF

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborned.
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stolen away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 't is most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Ross. Where's Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin: I 'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well,—may you see things well done there —adieu!—
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—Forres.—A Room in the Palace

Enter BANQUO

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised ; and I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for 't ; yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope ? But, hush ; no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, *as King ; Lady* MACBETH, *as Queen ;* LENNOX, ROSS, *Lords, and Attendants*

Macb. Here 's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I 'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desired your good advice—
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous—
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper; go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow,
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot,
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.— [*Exit* BANQUO.
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper time alone; while then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt Lady* MACBETH, *Lords, &c.*
Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure?

Atten They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit Attendant.*
To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be feared: 't is much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him

My genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him: then, prophet-like,
They hailed him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who 's there?

Re-enter Attendant with two Murderers

Now, go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit Attendant.*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

Have you considered of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference; passed in probation with you
How you were borne in hand; how crossed; the instruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say, 'Thus did Banquo.'

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospelled
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave
And beggared yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valued file

Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it,
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on 't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 *Mur.* True, my lord.

Macb. So he is mine; and in such bloody distance,

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life : and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not—
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop—but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down : and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't ; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace ; always thought,
That I require a clearness : and with him,—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart ;
I 'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.* We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I'll come upon you straight: abide within.— [*Exeunt Murderers.*

It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

Scene II.—The Same. Another Room

Enter Lady Macbeth *and a Servant*

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady M. Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'T is safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died

With them they think on? Things without remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotched the snake, not killed it:
She'll close, and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave:
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on; gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love,
And so, I pray, be you. Let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo; present him eminence, both
With eye and tongue: unsafe the while that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,

And make our faces visards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy 's not eterne.

Macb. There 's comfort yet: they are assailable:
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal,
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.—

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,

Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.—
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still:
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Park with a Gate leading to the Palace

Enter three Murderers

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?
3 *Mur.* Macbeth.
2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do
To the direction just.
1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear horses.
Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!
2 *Mur.* Then it is he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' th' court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *with a torch*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!

3 *Mur.* 'T is he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to 't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

[*Assaults* BANQUO.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou may'st avenge—O slave!

[*Dies.* FLEANCE *escapes.*

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was 't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down: the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost
Best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV—A Room of State in the Palace

A Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, *Lady* Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, *Lords, and Attendants*

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first and last,
The hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome

Enter first Murderer, to the door

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts thanks.
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst.
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'T is Banquo's, then.

Macb. 'T is better thee without than him within.
Is he despatched?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats; yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now, I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenchéd gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.
There the grown serpent lies: the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again.— [*Exit Murderer.*

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold,

That is not often vouched, while 't is a-making,
'T is given with welcome; to feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May 't please your highness sit?

The Ghost of BANQUO *enters, and sits in* MACBETH'S *place*

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roofed,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who I may rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorised by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?—

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*

Lady M. What, quite unmanned in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal,
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear; the time has been
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;

Then I 'll sit down. Give me some wine : fill full :
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ;
'Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost

Macb. Avaunt, and quit my sight ! Let the earth hide thee !
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom ; 't is no other ;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare :
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger ;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble : or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !
Unreal mockery, hence ! [*Ghost disappears.*]—
Why, so ;—being gone,

I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting
With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks
When mine is blanched with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: At once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;

Augurs and understood relations have
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send.
There 's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we 'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—The Heath

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.—
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels and your spells provide,

Your charms and everything beside.
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon.
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distilled by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Song, within:* "*Come away, come away,*" *&c.*

Hark! I am called: my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

1 *Witch.* Come, let 's make haste: she 'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Forres. A Room in the Palace

Enter LENNOX *and another Lord*

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,

Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead.
And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance killed,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damnéd fact,
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 't would have angered any heart alive
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,—
As, an 't please Heaven, he shall not,—they should find
What 't were to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he failed
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell

Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth
Lives in the English court; and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward;
That, by the help of these,—with Him above
To ratify the work,—we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,'
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, 'You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.'

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance

His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—A Cavern. In the middle a Cauldron boiling

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

2 *Witch.* Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

3 *Witch.* Harpier cries:—'T is time, 't is time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw.—
Toad, that under a cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Sweltered venom, sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charméd pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble:
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake ;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble :
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf :
Witches' mummy ; maw, and gulf,
Of the ravined salt-sea shark ;
Root of hemlock, digged i' the dark ;
Liver of blaspheming Jew ;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Slivered in the moon's eclipse ;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab :
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble :
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a báboon's blood :
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
[*Music and a Song, "Black spirits," &c.*

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes: [*Knocking.*
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I cónjure you, by that which you profess,—
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down;

Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germen tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken: answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We 'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow: grease, that 's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show.

Thunder. First Apparition; an armed Head

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

1 *App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me.—Enough.
[*Descends.*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks:
Thou hast harped my fear aright. But one word more:—

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded. Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: a bloody Child

2 *App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb. Had I three ears, I 'd hear thee.

2 *App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

3 *App.* Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise; and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me—if your art
Can tell so much—shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,

And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Show!

2 *Witch.* Show!

3 *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; BANQUO *following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:—filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—A seventh?—I 'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble-sceptres carry.
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 't is true;

For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What! is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights.
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antick round;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursèd in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damned all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you
word,
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Fife. A Room in MACDUFF'S Castle

Enter Lady MACDUFF, *her Son, and* ROSS

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the
land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

Wife. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

Wife. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dear'st coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
And each way move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I 'll be here again;

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

Wife. Fathered he is, and yet he 's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*

Wife. Sirrah, your father 's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

Wife. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

Wife. Poor bird! thou 'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

Wife. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

Wife. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

Wife. Thou speak'st with all thy wit;
And yet, i' faith, with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

Wife. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

Wife. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

Wife. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

Wife. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

Wife. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

Wife. Now God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

Wife. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:

If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*

Wife. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm? What are these faces?

Enter Murderers

Mur. Where is your husband?

Wife. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He 's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-eared villain!

Mur. What, you egg! [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has killed me, mother; run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*

[*Exit Lady* MACDUFF, *crying* '*Murder!*' *and pursued by the Murderers.*

SCENE III.—England. Before the KING'S Palace

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yelled out
Like syllable of dolour.
Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest; you have loved him well;
He hath not touched you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell;
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child—
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love—
Without leave-taking?—I pray you
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeered!—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st

For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,

Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there 's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness; your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings: but fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this, there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house;
And my more-having would be as a sauce

To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weighed.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern?

No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptered,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she livéd. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banished me from Scotland.—O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;

Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now, we 'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'T is hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure; their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*

Macd. What 's the disease he means?

Mal. 'T is called the evil;
A most miraculous work in this good king,
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers; and 't is spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now, Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers?

Ross. Sir, Amen

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not marked; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce asked for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.
Macd. O relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What is the newest grief?
Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Ross. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Ross. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not battered at their peace?
Ross. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes it?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.
Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be 't their comfort
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howled out in the desert air
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine
Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.
Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humh! I guess at it.
Ross. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of these murdered deer
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful Heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows:
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife killed too?
Ross. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—O hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so.
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!
They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits but for mine
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue.—But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission. Front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him. If he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:
The night is long that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a waiting Gentlewoman

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of

watching. In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 't is most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech. Lo you! here she comes.

Enter Lady MACBETH *with a taper*

This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense' are shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here 's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what

comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two: why, then 't is time to do 't.—Hell is murky! —Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean? —No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh . . oh . . oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doct. Even so?—

Lady M. To bed, to bed: there 's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand:—What 's done cannot be undone:—To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all!—Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—so, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Country near Dunsinane

Enter, with drum and colours MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, *and Soldiers*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands ;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love ; now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pestered senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there ?

Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 't is truly owed
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle

Enter MACBETH, *Doctor, and Attendants*

Macb. Bring me no more reports ; let them fly all :

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that 's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.'—Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant.*]
—Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will chair me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.—
Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'T is not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.—
Send out more horses, skirr the country round;

Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I 'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff—
Seyton, send out—Doctor, the thanes fly from me—
Come, sir, despatch—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo
That should applaud again—Pull 't off, I say—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*

Doct. [*Aside.*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—Country near Dunsinane

A Wood in view

Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, *Old* Siward *and his Son,* Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross, *and Soldiers, marching*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us ?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him : thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'T is his main hope;
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less hath given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrainéd things
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching*

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. Within the Castle

Enter, with drum and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and Soldiers*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;

The cry is still, 'They come!' Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise? [*A cry of Women within.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't. I have supped full with horrors:
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter:
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,

To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move

Macb. Liar and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath if 't be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—

I pull in resolution ; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth : ' Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane ; '—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out !
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.—
I gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell !—Blow, wind ! come, wrack !
At least we 'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The Same. A Plain before the Castle

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *Old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c., and their Army, with boughs*

Mal. Now, near enough : your leafy screens throw down,
And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle : worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

SCENE VII.—The Same. Another Part of the Plain

Enter MACBETH

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What 's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young SIWARD

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name 's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce
a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorréd tyrant: with my
sword
I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and Young* SIWARD *is slain.*
Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandished by man that 's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF

Macd. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy
face!
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Mac-
beth,
Or else my sword, with an unbattered edge,
I sheathe again undeeded.—There thou shouldst
be,—
By this great clatter one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter MALCOLM *and Old* SIWARD

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently rendered:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war.
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarums.*

Re-enter MACBETH

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words;

My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*
Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charméd life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripped.
Macb. Accurséd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I 'll not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We 'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the Tyrant.'
Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet

And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damned be he that first cries, 'Hold, enough!' [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *Old* SIWARD, ROSS, *Thanes, and Soldiers*

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then

It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, his knell is knolled.

Mal. He 's worth more sorrow,
And that I 'll spend for him.

Siw. He 's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH'S *head*

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
The usurper's curséd head: the time is free.
I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland!

[*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,

And make us even with you. My thanes and
kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named. What 's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exiled friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and this fiend-like queen,
Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life,—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
We will perform in measure, time, and place.
So thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

NOTES

I. ii. p. 20. The merciless Macdonwald. — "The rebellion of Macdonwald, from the Western Isles, is mere fable. The old historians may have confounded it either with the rebellion of Gilcomgain, the maormor of Moray, in 1033, or with the rebellious conduct of Torfin, Duncan's cousin. Nor was there during the reign of Duncan any invasion of Fife by Sweno, Norway's king. It was to put down the rebellion of Torfin that Duncan marched northward through the territorial government of Macbeth, and was slain by treasonous malice at Bothgowanan, near Elgin, and many miles from Inverness, in A.D. 1039. Macbeth's father was not Sinel, but Finley, or Finlegh, the maormor, or prince, of Ross, not the thane of Glamis, and was killed about the year 1020, in some encounter with Malcolm II., the grandfather of Duncan. Thus by lineage Macbeth was thane of Ross, and afterwards by marriage the thane of Moray. This same grandfather of Duncan, Malcolm II., also dethroned and, moreover, slew Lady Macbeth's grandfather; on both sides of the house, therefore, there was a death to be avenged on the person of Duncan. But, of the two, Lady Macbeth's wrongs were far heavier than her husband's, and might well fill her from crown to toe topfull of direst cruelty. Her name was Lady Gruoch, and her first husband was Gilcomgain, the maormor of Moray, a prince of the highest rank and next to the royal family; upon him Malcolm's cruelty fastened, and he was burnt within his castle with fifty of his clan, and his young wife escaped by flight with her infant son Lulach. She naturally sought refuge in the neighbouring county of Ross, then governed by Macbeth, and him she married. About a year after the death of her first husband, Lady Gruoch's only brother was slain by the command of the same aged Malcolm II., whose

peaceful death soon after, unprecipitated by poison, flame, or sword, is not one of the least incredible traditions of that misty time." (Furness's *Variorum Shaks.*, Vol. II., *Macbeth* p. 371, condenst from Chalmers's *Caledonia*, Book III., ch. vii.) From the same source we learn that Siward and Osbert, his son, penetrated probably to Dunsinnan, and were victorious over Macbeth in 1054, but that it was not till December 5th, 1056, that Macduff slew him. Banquo and the thane of Lochaber are unknown in history. Lady Macbeth's fate, apart from Shakspere, is not mentioned. The Scots resented interference by foreign mercenaries, and Macbeth was long popular in Scotland. All historians agree that his reign was one of remarkable prosperity and vigorous government (*Furness*, pp. 371–2).—M.

I. ii. p. 21. — **Kerns and gallowglasses.**— In Stanihurst's 'Description of Ireland' is the following account of the two kinds of Irish foot-soldiers alluded to. "The *Gallouglasse* useth a kind of pollax for his weapon. These men are grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of limme, lusty of body, wel and strongly timbered. The *Kerne* is an ordinary soldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his peece, being commonly good marksmen."

I. ii. p. 23. **Bellona.**—The Roman goddess of war, who was believed to be seen on the battlefields, wildly inciting the warriors to fresh efforts.

I. ii. p. 23. **Saint Colme's Inch.** — Now called "Inch-comb," is a small island in the Frith of Forth, with an abbey upon it dedicated to St. Columba. 'Inch,' or 'inse,' in Erse means 'island.'

I. iii. p. 24. **The rump-fed ronyon.**—Formerly the cooks in large establishments claimed as perquisites the fat and chump ends of the meat. Hence the epithet is applied by the witch to the sailor's wife as a jibe at her being so poor as to have nothing to feed upon but offal and refuse bits.

I. iii. p. 24. **In a sieve I'll hither sail.**—In a pamphlet entitled *Life and Death of Dr. Fian, a Notable*

Sorcerer, occurs the following passage :—"They altogether went to sea, each one in a riddle or sieve, and went in the same very substantially with flaggons of wine, making merry and drinking by the way in the same riddles or sieves." Reginald Scott, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, says it was believed that witches "could sail in an egg-shell, a cockle or mussel shell, through and under the tempestuous seas."

I. iii. p. 24. **Like a rat without a tail, I'll do.**—Among other popular beliefs of the period respecting witches, it was supposed that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting. *I'll do—i.e.* gnaw a hole in the ship's bottom.

I. iii. p. 25. **Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.**—Holinshed, speaking of the witchcraft practised against King Duff, says that a witch was found roasting upon a wooden broach an image of wax resembling in feature the king's person; and 'as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the bodie of the king break forth in sweat; and as for the words of the inchantment, they served to keep him *still waking from sleepe*.'

I. iii. p. 25. **"Foul and fair."**—Changeable, alternating stormy gusts and sunshine, suggesting Macbeth's mental uncertainty, and the forces now warring for supremacy in his life.

I. iii. p. 26. **Thane of Glamis.**—The thaneship of Glamis was not historically connected with Macbeth. His father, Finley, or Finlegh, prince of Ross, left him by lineage thane of Ross, and by marriage he became thane of Moray.

I. iii. p. 28. **Eaten on the insane root.**—In Batman's 'Commentary *de Proprietatibus Rerum*' occurs the following passage!—"Henbane . . . is called *insana*, mad, for the use thereof is perillous; for if it be eate or dronke, it breedeth madnesse, or slow lykenesse of sleepe. Therefore this hearb is called commonly *Mirilidium*, for it taketh away wit and reason."

Notes

I. iv. p. 32. **Oh, worthiest cousin.**—Duncan and Macbeth were the sons of two sisters, Beatrice and Doada, daughters of Malcolm, the previous king of Scotland.

I. iv. p. 34. **The Prince of Cumberland.**—The crown of Scotland was in early times not strictly hereditary, and when a successor was declared in the lifetime of a king the title of Prince of Cumberland was conferred upon him in token of his appointment. Cumberland was held in fief of the English crown.

I. vii. p. 41. **Trammel up the consequence.**—A trammel was a net in which birds or fish were caught; and trammels were shackles in which horses' legs were placed when they were taught to pace. Shakspere uses the word meaning 'to impede.'

I. vii. p. 43. **Like the poor cat i' the adage.**—A version of the adage here alluded to is to be found in 'Heywood's Proverbs,' 1566: — "The cate would eate fyshe, but would not wet her feete."

II. i. p. 46. **When 'tis.** — 'When it is convenient,' 'when I have leisure.'

II. i. p. 48. **Hecate**: the goddess of hell. One of the names given to Diana, who was known as Diana, Luna, or Hecate, according to the sphere of her influence, whether in heaven, on earth, or in hell.

II. ii. p. 48. **The fatal bellman.**—Among the duties performed by the bellman was that of publicly announcing deaths that had occurred, and executions about to take place. The prison watchman or bellman also summoned the condemned from their cells by ringing his bell; hence Lady Macbeth likens the screech of the owl to the clamour of the bell.

II. iii. p. 53. **Knocking within.**—See De Quincey, "On the knocking at the gate in Macbeth," a vivid picture of the horror, from which the 'knocking' is the first sign of reaction: "the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the re-establishment of the goings-on in the

world in which we live, first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them."

II. iii. p. 56. **A new Gorgon.**—The Gorgons were three sisters: Stheno, Euryale, and Medusa. Medusa's head, when fixed on Minerva's shield, was so terrible in appearance that it turned to stone all who gazed upon it.

II. iv. p. 63. **Colme-kill.**—The famous Iona, one of the western isles mentioned by Holinshed as the burial place of many ancient kings of Scotland. "Colme-kill" means the 'cell' or 'chapel of St. Columb.' '*Kill*' in Erse signifies 'a burying place.'

III. i. p. 70. **The perfect spy o' the time.**—'The exact moment that my most careful observation will indicate for the attack.'

III. ii. p. 72. **Scotched.**—This is a needless emendation of the First Folio *scorch'd*, scored, slashed: "Wyth knyfe *scortche* not the boorde," *Babees Book*, p. 80.

III. ii. p. 73. **The seeling night.**—"Seeling" is here used for 'blinding.' The term is from falconry. It was the custom to seel the eyes of a hawk by sewing its upper and lower lids together, which was done in order to accustom it to its hood.

III. iii. p. 75. **Fleance escapes.**—He fled into Wales, where, by the daughter of the prince of that country, he had a son named Walter, who afterwards became Lord High Steward of Scotland, and from thence assumed the name of Walter *Steward*. From him in a direct line King James I. was descended.

III. iv. p. 76. **'Tis better, etc.**—The ungrammatical construction of this sentence has led to the supposition that *he within* means 'he in this room'; but the context shows that Macbeth refers to the blood that 'is better on the murderer's face than in Banquo's body.'

III. iv. p. 80. **Purged the gentle weal.**—Inaugurated the regard for human life that 'purged' the former violence.

III. iv. p. 81. **Hyrcan tiger.**—Tigers were said to abound in Hyrcania, a district south of the Caspian Sea.

III. iv. p. 81. **If trembling I inhabit.**—Probably 'If I invest myself in trembling (as in a garment).'

III. v. p. 84. **Acheron.**—The name of one of the rivers of Hades, applied to some tarn or gloomy pool in the neighbourhood of Macbeth's castle, where the witches habitually assembled.

III. vi. p. 86. **Who cannot want the thought.**—'Who can fail to think.'

III. vi. p. 87. **The most pious Edward.**—Edward the Confessor.

IV. i. p. 88. **Sweltered venom.**—In the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1826 Dr. Davy has shown that the toad is poisonous, the poison lying diffused over the body, immediately under the skin.

IV. i. p. 89. **In the moon's eclipse.**—Believed to be an ill-fated time.

IV. i. p. 91. **Her nine farrow.**—In Holinshed's 'History of Scotland,' 1577, among the laws of Kenneth II., it is stated that "if a sow eate her pigges, let hyr be stoned to deathe and buried, that no man eate of hyr flesh."

IV. i. pp. 91–93. **The apparitions.**—The '*armed head*' symbolically represents Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff (V. vii. p. 132). The '*bloody child*' represents Macduff 'from his mother's womb untimely ripped' (V. vii. p. 130). The '*child crowned with a tree in his hand*' represents Malcolm, by whose order (V. iv. p. 122) the soldiers advance on Dunsinane Castle under cover of boughs cut from Birnam Wood.

IV. i. p. 92. **Dismiss me—Enough.**—It was believed that spirits summoned to appear were intolerant of questioning, being aware of the thoughts of those present, and were impatient to be gone.

IV. i. p. 93. **Birnam.**—A high wooded hill about twelve miles from Dunsinane.

IV. i. p. 94. **A glass.**—One of the magic mirrors used by sorcerers. Among the penal laws against witches there is a passage which states that 'they do answer either by the voice, or else set before their eyes in *glasses*, chrystal stones, etc., the pictures or images of the person or things sought for.' There is a description of these mirrors in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book III., Canto ii.

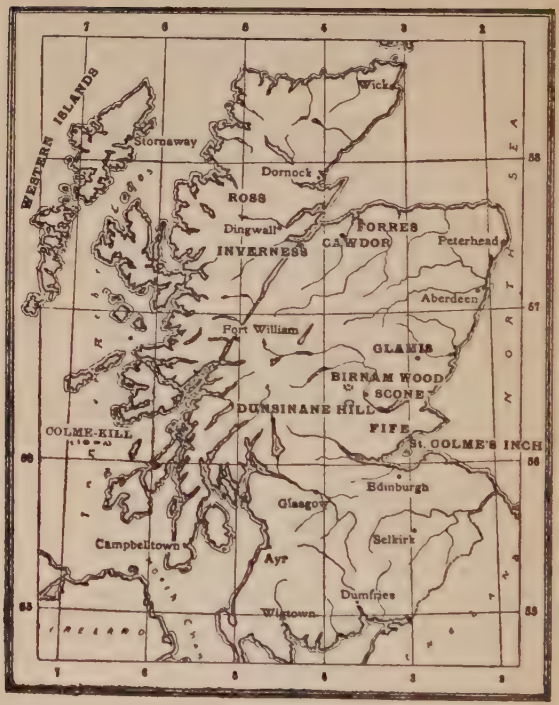
IV. i. p. 94. **Treble-sceptres.**—An allusion to the union of the three kingdoms of Great Britain by the accession of James VI. of Scotland to the throne of England. Henry VIII. had taken the title of 'King of Ireland,' and James, adding Scotland to the monarchy, was the first to carry '*treble-sceptres*.'

IV. ii. p. 97. **When we hold rumour from what we fear.**—When our fears colour every rumour with ominous significance.

V. ii. p. 117. **His uncle Siward.**—Holinshed states that Duncan had two sons by his wife, who was the daughter of Siward, Earl of Northumberland.

A MAP

Showing the Scene of the Play



GLOSSARY

Absolute: positive. III. vi. p. 87.
Abuse: deceive. II. i. p. 47.
Addition: distinction, title. I. iii. p. 69.
Adhere: accord. I. vii. p. 43.
Admired: astonishing. III. iv. p. 82.
Affection: disposition. IV. iii. p. 104.
Affeered: confirmed; a legal term. IV. iii. p. 102.
Alarm: call to arms. V. ii. p. 117.
All-thing: all ways, every way. III. i. p. 64.
Angel: guardian spirit. V. vii. p. 130.
Annoyance: mischief, injury. V. i. p. 116.
Antic: grotesque. IV. i. p. 95.
Approve: testify. I. vi. p. 39.
Aroint: probably derived from Latin *averrunco*, 'I drive away evil.' I. iii. p. 24.
Assay: essays, attempts. IV. iii. p. 107.
Augurs: soothsaying, prediction. III. iv. p. 83.
Avouch: assert. III. i. p. 70.
Baby: doll. III. iv. p. 81.
Badged: marked. II. iii. p. 58.
Bane: destruction. V. iii. p. 122.
Bend up: strain. I. vii. p. 44.
Benison: blessing. II. iv. p. 63.
Birthdom: motherland. IV. iii. p. 101.
Blind-worm: glow-worm. IV. i. p. 89.
Blood-boltered: plastered with clotted blood. IV. i. p. 95.
Boot: "to ——," in addition. IV. iii. p. 103.
Borne in hand: beguiled by false expectations. III. i. p. 68.
Bosom: private, intimate. I. ii. p. 23.
Break: divulge. I. vii. p. 43.
Breeched: covered up to the hilt. II. iii. p. 59.
Brinded: brindled, streaked. IV. i. p. 88.
Broad: bold. III. vi. p. 86.
Bruited: proclaimed. V. vii. p. 128.
By-the-way: surreptitiously. III. iv. p. 83.
Cabined: checked, constrained. III. iv. p. 77.
Casing: encompassing. III. iv. p. 77.
Catch: securely obtain. I. vii. p. 41.
Censures: opinion. V. iv. p. 123.
Champion: challenge. III. i. p. 67.
Chaps: jaws. I. ii. p. 21.
Chaudron: entrails. IV. i. p. 89.
Clear: pure. I. vii. p. 41.
Clearness: clear of suspicion. III. i. p. 70.
Clept: called. III. i. p. 84.
Cling: wither, shrink. V. vi. p. 125.
Close: combine. III. ii. p. 72.
Cloudy: sullen. III. vi. p. 87.
Cock: cock-crowing. II. iii. p. 54.
Coign: angle, corner. I. vi. p. 39.
Commends: commits. I. vii. p. 41.

Glossary

Composition: terms of peace. I. ii. p. 23.
Compt: trust. I. vi. p. 40.
Compunctious: conscience-stirring. I. v. p. 37.
Confineless: boundless. IV. iii. p. 103.
Confusion: destruction. II. iii. p. 56.
Consent: advice. II. i. p. 46.
Continent: restraining. IV. iii. p. 104.
Convert: change. IV. iii. p. 112.
Convey: carry on secretly. IV. iii. p. 104.
Convince: to overpower. I. vii. p. 44; IV. iii. p. 107.
Copy: copyhold, a legal term meaning 'life-tenure.' III. ii. p. 78.
Corporal agent: bodily faculty. I. vii. p. 44.
Cracks: explosions, reports. I. ii. p. 22.
Crown: head. IV. i. p. 94.
Deliver: tell. I. v. p. 35.
Denies: refuses. III. iv. p. 83.
Displaced: driven away. III. iv. p. 82.
Dispute it: endure it, strive with it. IV. iii. p. 112.
Distance: hostility. III. i. p. 69.
Doff: put off. IV. iii. p. 110.
Drowse: get drowsy. III. ii. p. 73.
Dudgeon: haft, hilt. II. i. p. 47.
Dunnest: darkest. I. v. p. 37.
Dusty death: death that returns them to dust. V. v. p. 125.
Earnest: pledge. I. iii. p. 29.
Ecstasy: strong emotion. III. ii. p. 72.
Effects: actions. V. i. p. 113.
England: King of England. IV. iii. p. 103.
Enkindle: stimulate. I. iii. p. 29.
Eternal jewel: immortal soul. III. i. p. 67.
Evil: scrofula. IV. iii. p. 108.
Expectation: the expected guests. III. iii. p. 74.
Fact: act. III. vi. p. 86.
Faculties: royal prerogatives. I. vii. p. 41.
Fantastical: creatures of imagination. I. iii. p. 26.
Farrow: litter of pigs. IV. i. p. 91. *See* Notes.
Favour: forgiveness. I. iii. p. 31; countenance. I. v. p. 38.
Fee-grief: personal grief; (in *fee* = in single ownership). IV. iii. p. 110.
Fell: dire. IV. ii. p. 100; scalp. V. v. p. 124.
File: "valued ——," list arranged in order of value. III. i. p. 68.
Filed: defiled. III. i. p. 67.
Fits: emergencies. IV. ii. p. 97.
Flaws: sudden gusts of passions. III. iv. p. 79.
Flighty: fleeting. IV. i. p. 96.
Flout: defy. I. ii. p. 22.
Foisons: abundance. IV. iii. p. 105.
Follows: attends. I. vi. p. 39.
Forbid: cursed, excommunicated. I. iii. p. 25.
Forced: reinforced. V. v. p. 124.
Forge: foment. IV. iii. p. 105.
Fork: forked tongue. IV. i. p. 89.
Forsworn: perjured. IV. iii. p. 106.
Founded: immovably fixed. III. iv. p. 77.
Franchised: free, untainted. II. i. p. 46.
Free: clear, put away. III. vi. p. 87; faithful, honest. III. vi. p. 87.
Friend: "to ——," befriend me, offer opportunities. IV. iii. p. 101.
Fry: literally, shoal of young fishes; used contemptuously. IV. ii. p. 100.
Function: action. I. iii. p. 30.
Furbished: burnished. I. ii. p. 21.
Gallowglasses: *See* Notes. I. ii. p. 21.
Genius: the attendant spirit believed to preside over each human being's actions. III. i. p. 67.

Glossary

Gentle: soothed. I. vi. p. 39.
Germen: seeds. IV. i. p. 91.
Get: beget. I. iii. p. 27.
Gin: bird-trap. IV. ii. p. 98.
God 'ild us: corruption of 'God yield us,' 'God reward us.' I. vi. p. 39.
Golden stamp: a coin called an 'angel,' worth about ten shillings. IV. iii. p. 108.
Goodness: success. IV. iii. p. 107.
Goose: a tailor's flat-iron. II. iii. p. 53.
Gouts: congealed drops (Fr., *gouttes*). II. i. p. 47.
Graced: gracious. III. iv. p. 78.
Grave: weighty, valuable. III. i. p. 65.
Graymalkin: an old name for a cat; 'grey-cat,' familiar spirit of the first witch. I. i. p. 20.
Gripe: grasp. III. i. p. 67.
Grooms: servants in general. II. ii. p. 49.
Gulf: gullet. IV. i. p. 89.
Harbinger: properly an officer of the king sent before to make arrangements for the royal party. I. iv. p. 34.
Hardly: with difficulty. V. iii. p. 122.
Harms: injuries. IV. iii. p. 103.
Harness: armour. V. v. p. 126.
Harped: touched. IV. i. p. 92.
Having: estate. I. iii. p. 26.
Heavily: sorrowfully. IV. iii. p. 110.
Hecate: mistress of the witches. II. i. p. 48. *See* Notes.
Hermits: beadsmen, bound to pray for their patrons. I. vi. p. 40.
Hold! Hold! a phrase formally and solemnly used when parting combatants. I. v. p. 37.
Holp: helped. I. vi. p. 40.
Home: to the end, completely. I. iii. p. 29.
Howlet: owlet. IV. i. p. 89.
Hurley-burley: uproar. I. i. p. 19.
Husbandry: thrift, economy. II. i. p. 45.
Illness: evil. I. v. p. 36.
Impress: press into his service. IV. i. p. 93.
Incarnadine: redden. II. ii. p. 52.
Informs: takes form. II. i. p. 47.
Insane: causing insanity. I. iii. p. 28.
Interdiction: exclusion. IV. iii. p. 106.
Intrenchant: indivisible. V. vii. p. 130.
Jealousies: suspicions. IV. iii. p. 102.
Jump: hazard, risk. I vii. p. 41.
Jutty: projection. I. vi. p. 39.
Kerns: *See* Notes. I. ii. p. 21.
Lack: miss. III. iv. p. 80.
Lapped in proof: encased in tested armour. I. ii. p. 23.
Large: liberal. III. iv. p. 76.
Latch: catch. IV. iii. p. 110.
Lated: belated. III. iii. p. 74.
Late dignities: lately conferred dignities. I. vi. p. 40.
Lavish: uncurbed. I. ii. p. 23.
Lease of nature: natural length of life. IV. i. p. 93.
Lighted: alighted, descended. II. iii. p. 61.
Lily-livered: cowardly. V. iii. p. 119.
Limbeck: corrupted from *alembic*, a vessel through which distilled liquors pass in the state of vapour; a 'still.' I. vii. p. 44.
Limited: appointed. II. iii. p. 55.
Line: reinforce. I. iii. p. 29.
List: lists, place appointed for trials by combat. III. i. p. 67.
Lodged: beaten down. IV. i. p. 90.
Loon: brute. V. iii. p. 119.
Luxurious: lustful. IV. iii. p. 104.
Magot-pies: old form of 'magpies.' III. iv. p. 83.
Manly readiness: the equipment and temper of war. II iii. p. 60.
Mansionry: dwelling. I. vi. p. 39.

Glossary

Marry: corruption of 'Virgin Mary,' a mild oath. III. vi. p. 86.

Mated: astounded, bewildered. V. i. p. 116.

Medicine: doctor. V. ii. p. 118.

Memorise: make memorable, commemorate. I. ii. p. 22.

Mere: "of your —— own," absolutely your own. IV. iii. p. 105; utter, complete. IV. iii. p. 108.

Metaphysical: supernatural. I. v. p. 36.

Minion: favourite. I. ii. p. 21; 'most perfect specimens,' 'flower.' II. iv. p. 62.

Minutely: every minute. V. ii. p. 118.

Missives: messengers. I. v. p. 35.

Modern: ordinary. IV. iii. p. 109.

Mortal: deadly, murderous. I. v. p. 37, etc.

Mortal consequences: forthcoming events of this mortal life. V. iii. p. 119.

Mortified man: an ascetic. V. ii. p. 117.

Murders: wounds. III. iv. p. 80.

Murky: dark. V. i. p. 115.

Muse: wonder, marvel. III. iv. p. 80.

Napkins: handkerchiefs. II. iii. p. 53.

Nature's mischief: evil tendencies of human nature. I. v. p. 37.

Naught: worthless creature. IV. iii. p. 112.

Nearest of life: most vital recesses of my life. III. i. p. 70.

Nice: minutely correct. IV. iii. p. 109.

Night-gown: dressing-gown. II. ii. p. 52.

Noise: music. IV. i. p. 94.

Norways': Norwegians'. I. ii. p. 23.

Norweyan: Norwegian. I. ii. p. 21.

Notion: imagination. III. i. p. 68.

Oblivious: inducing forgetfulness. V. iii. p. 121.

Obscure bird: bird of night, the owl. II. iii. p. 56.

Offices: servants' quarters. II. i. p. 46; services, employment. III. iii. p. 74.

Old: a colloquialism for abundant, excessive, 'rare.' II. iii. p. 53.

Once: ever. IV. iii. p. 109.

Other: otherwise. I. vii. p. 44.

Out: *i.e.* in the battle-field. IV. iii. p. 110.

Overcome: overshadow. III. iv. p. 82.

Owe: own, possess. I. iii. p. 27; III. iv. p. 82.

Owed: owned. I. iv. p. 32.

Paddock: toad; a familiar spirit of the witches. I. i. p. 20.

Pall: cover, envelop. I. v. p. 37.

Palter: equivocate. V. vii. p. 130.

Passion: overwrought emotion. III. iv. p. 79.

Patch: fool. V. iii. p. 119.

Peak: fade, shrink. I. iii. p. 25. *See* Notes.

Pearl: "thy kingdom's ——," the choicest spirits of thy nobles. V. vii. p. 132.

Pent-house lid: eyelid. I. iii. p. 24.

Perfect: perfectly informed. IV. ii. p. 99.

Perfectest: most reliable. I. v. p. 35.

Place: pitch, the highest point attained by a hawk (a term of falconry). II. iv. p. 62.

Point: "at a ——," thoroughly prepared. IV. iii. p. 107.

Poorly: weakly. II. ii. p. 52.

Portable: endurable. IV. iii. p. 105.

Possess: fill. IV. iii. p. 111.

Possets: 'Hot milk, poured on ale, having sugar, grated bisket (biscuit), eggs, with other ingredients boiled in it, which goes all to a curd.'—(Holmes). II. ii. p. 49.

Glossary

Posters: messengers, rapid travellers. I. iii. p. 25.
Present: immediate. I. ii. p. 23.
Presently: immediately. IV. iii. p. 107.
Pretence: purpose. II. iii. p. 60.
Pretend: design, purpose. II. iv. p. 62.
Probation with: proving to. III. i. p. 63.
Profound: possessed of occult properties. III. v. p. 85.
Protest: exhibit, display. V. ii. p. 117.
Pull in: rein in, curb. V. v. p. 126.
Purveyor: precursor, one that arrives first (properly, an officer of the king sent before to secure provisions for the royal party). I. vi. p. 40.
Push: attack. V. iii. p. 120.
Put on: urge, press forward. IV. iii. p. 113.
Quarry: a heap of slaughtered game. IV. iii. p. 111.
Quell: murder (Saxon, *Quellam*, to kill). I. vii. p. 44.
Quiet: peace. II. iii. p. 53.
Ravined: ravenous. IV. i. p. 89.
Ravin up: devour savagely. II. iv. p. 63.
Rawness: haste. IV. iii. p. 102.
Receipt: receptacle. I. vii. p. 44.
Relation: narrative. IV. iii. p. 109.
Remorse: pity. I. v. p. 37.
Rendered: "gently ——," surrendered without resistance. V. vii. p. 129.
Require: request. III. iv. p. 76.
Ronyon: 'scurvy wretch.' I. iii. p. 24. *See* Notes.
Rooky: gloomy. III. ii. p. 73.
Round: crown. I. v. p. 36.
Safe toward: regarding well. I. iv. p. 33.
Sag: sink. V. iii. p. 119.
Saucy: intrusive, insolent. III. iv. p. 77.
Scarf up: blindfold. III. ii. p. 73.
Scone: the ancient coronation place of the Scottish kings. II. iv. p. 63.
Scotched: inflicted slashes or cuts. III. ii. p. 72. *See* Notes.
Season: restorative. III. iv. p. 83.
Seat: site, situation. I. vi. p. 39.
Seated: fixed. I. iii. p. 30.
Security: over-confidence. III. v. p. 85.
Seeling: blinding. III. ii. p. 73. *See* Notes.
Seems: "that——to speak things strange," 'whose appearance corresponds with the strangeness of his message' (Clar. Pr.). I. ii. p. 22.
Self-abuse: "strange and ——," 'deception of others and myself.' III. iv. p. 83.
Self-comparisons: an equal force, 'proved a match for him.' I. ii. p. 23.
Sennet: a certain set of notes on trumpet or cornet, from old Fr., *signet*, and Lat., *signum*, a sign, used in the stage directions as a signal of arrival and departure. III. i. p. 64.
Sensible: perceptible. II. i. p. 47.
Settled: determined. I. vii. p. 44.
Seven-nights: weeks. I. iii. p. 25.
Sewer: an officer whose duty it was to taste each dish before handing it to the king, for fear of poison. I. vii. p. 41.
Shag-eared: having hairy ears. IV. ii. p. 100.
Shard: scaly wing-case. III. ii. p. 73.
Shift: slip unobtrusively. II. iii. p. 61.
Shipman's card: the dial of the compass printed on a card. I. iii. p. 24.
Shoughs: shaggy dogs. III. i. p. 68.
Show: appear. I. iii. p. 26.

Glossary

Sicken: be surfeited. IV. i. p. 91.
Sightless: invisible. I. v. p. 37.
Sinel: erroneously stated by Holinshed to be Macbeth's father. IV. i. p. 27.
Single: individual. I. iii. p. 30; weak. I. vi. p. 40.
Skirr: scour. V. iii. p. 120.
Slab: glutinous. IV. i. p. 89.
Sleave: raw silk; "ravelled ——," tangled web. II. ii. p. 50.
Sleek o'er: smooth. III. ii. p. 72.
Slipped: let pass. II. iii. p. 55.
Slivered: sliced. IV. i. p. 89.
So: like itself. IV. iii. p. 102.
Sole: mere. IV. iii. p. 101.
Solemn: state, ceremonious. III. i. p. 64.
Soliciting: prompting. I. iii. p. 30.
Something: some little distance. III. i. p. 70.
Sooth: truth. I. ii. p. 22.
Sorriest: gloomiest, most dismal. III. ii. p. 71.
Sorry: horrible. II. ii. p. 50.
Speak: bespeak, proclaim. IV. iii. p. 108.
Speculation: faculty of sight. III. iv. p. 81.
Speed: "had the —— of," outran. I. v. p. 36.
Staff: lance. V. iii. p. 121.
Stand: remain. III. i. p. 64.
State: chair of state. III. iv. p. 76.
State of honour: position in the State, rank. IV. ii. p. 99.
Stay: await. IV. iii. p. 107.
Sticking place: the point at which the peg holds in a stringed instrument. I. vii. p. 43.
Still: ever. V. vii. p. 130.
Storehouse: burial place. II. iv. p. 63.
Strange: new. I. iii. p. 31.
Strangely-visited: afflicted with strange diseases. IV. iii. p. 108.
Stuffed: over-burdened. V. iii. p. 121.
Substances: forms. I. v. p. 37.
Sudden: rash, hasty. IV. iii. p. 104.
Suffer: perish. III. ii. p. 72.
Summer-seeming: 'appearing like summer; seeming to be the effect of a transitory and short-lived heat of the blood.' —(Schmidt.) IV. iii. p. 105.
Surcease: ending. I. vii. p. 41.
Surveying: perceiving. I. ii. p. 21.
Sway: am guided. V. iii. p. 119.
Swears: swears allegiance. IV. ii. p. 99.
Taint: be moved. V. iii. p. 119.
Taking-off: murder. I. vii. p. 42.
Teems: teems with. IV. iii. p. 109.
Tending: attendance. I. v. p. 37.
Thirst: desire to drink. III. iv. p. 81.
Thought: "always ——," keep constantly in mind. III. i. p. 70; "upon a ——," as quick as thought. III. iv. p. 79.
Thralls: bond-servants. III. vi. p. 86.
Time: world. I. v. p. 38; IV. iii. p. 104.
Timely: opportune, providential. III. iii. p. 74.
Titles: property, estate. IV. ii. p. 97.
Top-full: brim-full. I. v. p. 37.
Touch: affection, feeling. IV. ii. p. 97.
Trace: follow, succeed. IV. i. p. 98.
Trains: devices. IV. iii. p. 106.
Trammel: *See* Notes. I. vii. p. 41.
Travelling lamp: the sun. II. iv. p. 61.
Trenched: Fr., *trancher*, to cut, to slice. III. iv. p. 77.
Trifled: made insignificant. II. iv. p. 61.
Tyranny: usurpation. IV. iii. p. 104.
Tyrant: bloodthirsty usurper. III. vi. pp. 86, 87; IV. iii. pp. 103, 106.

Glossary

Unrough: beardless. V. ii. p. 117.
Untitled: lacking rightful claim. IV. iii. p. 106.
Upon: for. III. vi. p. 87.
Uproar: rouse into uproar. IV. iii. p. 105.
Use: experience. III. iv. p. 84.
Using: encouraging, nursing. III. ii. p. 71.
Utterance: "to the ——," to the death (Old Fr., *à l'outrance*). III. i. p. 67.
Vantage: opportunity. I. ii. p. 21.
Visards: masks. III. ii. p. 73.
Vouched: avowed, proclaimed. III. iv. p. 78.
Want: "cannot ——," can avoid, III. vi. p. 86.
Warder: sentinel. I. vii. p. 44.
Wassail: revelry. I. vii. p. 44.
Watching: being awake. V. i. p. 114.
Water-rugs: rough-coated poodles. III. i. p. 68.
Weird: Saxon, *wyrd*, a fate. I. iii. p. 64.
While: until. III. i. p. 66.
With: on. IV. ii. p. 98.
Without: outside. III. iv. p. 76. *See* Notes.
Worm: snake. III. iv. p. 77.
Wrought: agitated. I. iii. p. 31.
Yawning: making drowsy. III. ii. p. 73.
Yesty: frothy, foaming. IV. i. p. 90.

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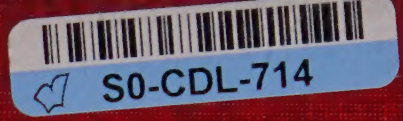
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